REONOMY MARCH -- 18th Infantry Brigade sets out on 100-miles trek from Dover to Arundel instead of travelling by train.

-Kent-

Picture .: - "There's something about a soldier - - there's something about a soldier - - Well, there's something --

--about these soldiers that is fine. The 12th Infantry--

--Brigade starts marching from Dover to Arundel. 100-miles ! It's an annual training--

--economy march. No rail fares, and nothing to pay for wear and--

--tear of roads. These pistures show the 2nd Lincolns, and the lst H.-

-- L.I. The Seaforths and--

-- the 59th R.E.'s are in column en route also.

There goes the fall-out. The Lincolns don't mind that

-- foot-slogging miles. Neither do the Scotties. They're just beginning to wonder how long a--

--hundred miles really is. They know 'it's a long way to Tipperary', and Arundel--

-- seems about as far. The joaks take tea. Tea, mark you !

And the Lincolns, lemonade ! Lemonade ! Why ?

A dry job, this marching ! The approach to Dibgate, Shermeliffe, indicates the--

--end of the first day's hike. There are no standing camps.

--packs contain everything for the bivouac en route, and it's--

(GONT).

RCONONY MARCH --

The chief topic of conversation seems to be <u>feet</u>.

Someone said "an army marches on its stomach". When-
I mentioned it, the Tommy waggled these feet, and said
"You're telling me !"